

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1910.

No. 32.

Note and Comment

Stories of crime and of the pursuit of wrongdoers furnish, as a rule, little that interests because of its novelty. The same old motives and methods prevail that have done duty for years. Practically every case has had its exact replica over and over again. But that which has held the attention of the world within the past week has presented features which must stir even the most jaded followers of criminal history. The most daring imagination never gave rise to a story more intensely dramatic than that of the pursuit of Dr. Crippen and his companion across the Atlantic.

What a change a century has brought forth! As one read of the messages passing between Scotland Yard and the captain of the Montrose, with the latter in mid-ocean and the elaborate preparations made on this side of the water in connection with the landing of the accused man, a famous passage in a great prose masterpiece recurred to mind. In "The French Revolution" Thomas Carlyle describes in wonderfully vivid fashion the attempt of Louis XVI. to escape from Paris to Metz, where one of his faithful generals, Bouille, was gathered with an army. If he had reached the end of his journey safely, there would have been a consolidation of Royalist forces, which with the other powers behind them would in all probability have changed the whole history of modern Europe. Under present conditions he would not have passed the environs of the city. But as things were then, though his flight was discovered immediately, and parties were dispatched in pursuit, he travelled through a thickly settled part of France for twenty-two incessant hours, with a brilliant equipage in keeping with his rank, and was sixty-nine miles from the city before, by the merest accident, he was held up at the village of Varennes, through the instrumentality of an old dragoon, named Drouet, who had been in Paris and who recognized the sovereign. Several hours after the villagers had intervened the pursuing party from Paris reached the scene and took him back.

This was a little more than one hundred years ago. Imagine a modern King being able to make such a journey and come so nearly reaching his destination under similar circumstances.

One comment which is frequently heard in connection with the Crippen case is that under modern conditions, it is almost impossible for a criminal to escape. This is not altogether correct. It is true that if once a definite clue is obtained, he can usually be tracked down very rapidly. But the resources of the pursuers, it must be remembered, are also in the possession of the pursued and with life as complex as it has become, it is easier for him to lose himself than when people seldom moved any distance from the places in which they were born and when everybody knew everybody else's business. We know only too well that there are many crimes that go unpunished. We have had this brought home to us during the past week by the confession of the man Oscar King, who was executed at Fort Saskatchewan. He declared he was not guilty of the crime of which he was convicted, but was suffering justly as he had committed murder on previous occasions. Such a statement made with death imminent creates a strange situation. It is always a matter of satisfaction to learn that the horrible mistake of hanging an innocent man has not been committed. But the possibility that while some crimes have been expiated that in which the community was directly interested may not have been, causes uneasiness. However, it does not look as if any further proceedings in connection with it can be taken.

Publicity Commissioner Hotchkiss shouldn't overlook the country correspondence of the provincial weeklies. Who could resist, for instance, the appealing power of the following picture drawn by the King Edward correspondent of the Vermilion Standard:

"I live on my homestead alone, full twenty-five miles from the town. I'm never abused on the phone, and street cars don't knock a man down. My fuel and rent are way down, my water rates cause me no fear, I wouldn't go back to the town, if offered a thousand a year. My cabin is cosy and clean, I've some four-footed friends on the mat, there are people in town, its no dream, who might envy my dog

or my cat. You should see the potatoes I've got, hunkers as sure as you're born, their smile when they burst in the pot, would make your best laugh seem forlorn. I'm going to build up a home, with plenty for man and for beast, my sweet-heart she says, "Yes! I'll come, I'm tired of living down East."

That Alberta will give Sir Wilfrid Laurier a welcome which will lack nothing in heartiness is assured. He will be worthy of it all, both by virtue of the position which he occupies and by the services which he has rendered. We have already referred to the outspoken character of his replies to those who have presented their views to him on the tariff question. At Weyburn this week he emphasized what he had to say along these lines at Lanigan. He has committed his party to a policy of gradually

the old mother land," declared Sir Wilfrid. "The daughter states do not want separation. The freer they are, the more attached they are to their allegiance. We have found our independence in our allegiance and it is our independence which is the mother of our allegiance, and our allegiance which is the cause of our independence. We are independent as a nation, but while we are independent as a nation, we are all subjects of His Majesty, the King and we have no other sovereign but the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sir Wilfrid justified the building of the Canadian navy by saying, "May the day never come when England shall be face to face with danger, but if danger ever does come, from all parts of the universe there will be a rush of new nations to join with her against the common enemy." Our German

was fighting Austria. She was the best friend of Germany at the time of the French Revolution.

"Why in the name of common sense should Germany have any quarrel with England? But if unfortunately it comes, I would ask our German citizens here to throw themselves between the combatants as a woman throws herself between her husband and her brother and endeavor to prevent the unholy struggle. But even if war should come we have their word they will not be the last to go to the rescue. They will fight for the flag, will fight for the King and the British Empire."

It was in the same spirit that he spoke to the American settlers at Yellow Grass. We have a great task ahead of us in welding the different elements in our population into one nation with common aims and aspirations and nothing is better calculated to aid in this work than such utterances as these from a man of Sir Wilfrid's race, possessed of the gift of genuine eloquence and thoroughly imbued at the same time with sane imperialism and broad Canadianism. Herein lies the chief value of his Western trip. The object which he has chiefly in view is not circumscribed by any of the limitations of party policy and it is because of this fact that all, no matter what their political affiliations, can and should join in the greeting being accorded him.

A distinguished member of the baseball fraternity came back to America the other day and declared that King George was a minor leaguer because he wore a beard. He didn't think that men who wore beards amounted to much. This is rather a broad generalization. In view of the fact that His Majesty's father, who was certainly a first-rater in the great post which he was called upon to fill, also wore a beard, Mr. Mike Donlin's criticism lacks effectiveness. There are some who think that it makes no difference whether a man sees fit to adorn his face or not, or if he does so, what particular form of adornment he adopts. But to others it appears to count for a good deal. For instance, take these very pointed observations concerning a former vice-president from the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette:

"Why does Charlie Fairbanks persist in wearing that foolish wad of spinach on his chin? A man should wear a full beard or none. There is nothing more absurd than a patch of whiskers all by itself. If a man goes to the trouble of shaving half way around his face he should finish the job.

"When Charlie was travelling abroad he cut off his whiskers. The people wouldn't stand for them. The inhabitants of Europe go in strong for art and the beautiful and they wouldn't consider the idea of permitting a man with chin whiskers or side whiskers to desecrate their cathedrals and art galleries. But when he returned to these shores he took a base advantage of the elastic nature of our bulwarks and palladiums, and began growing his whiskers again."

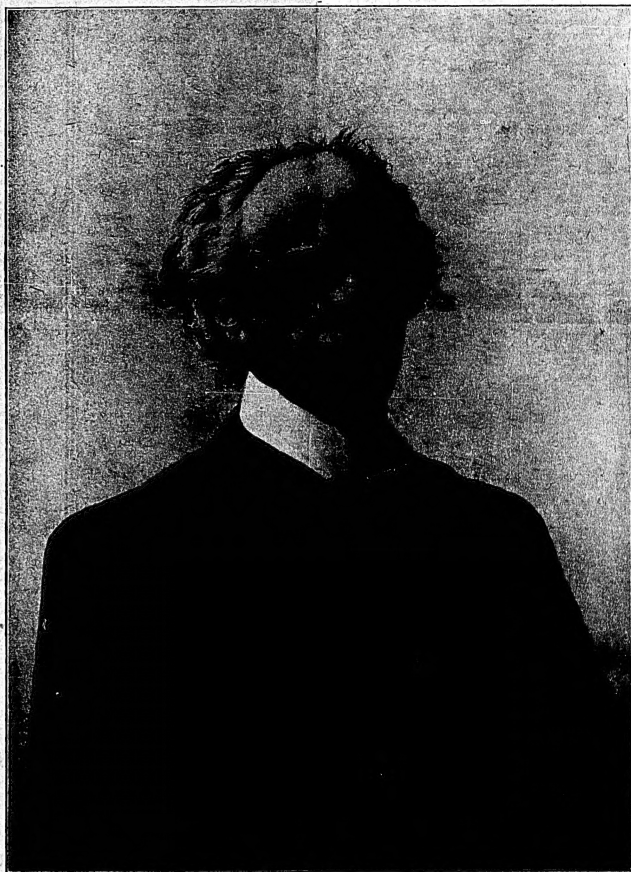
If personal remarks are "odoriferous," what are we to think of these?

In 1893, Mr. Bryce, now British ambassador at Washington, made the remark in his famous book on the American republic, that "there is no use denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." This was by no means an original observation. It had been heard often before and has been repeated frequently since. Our larger Canadian cities may be included in the criticism as well and as those which are now comparatively small hope to grow very much larger, the problem presented is of very vital interest. In a recent issue, the New York Post quotes Mr. Bryce and adds that so fully had this fact been acknowledged that the feeling was widely entertained that the vicious character of American city government was ineradicably connected either with its democratic system or with the essential qualities of its people, and that all attempts at radical improvement were doomed to failure.

This extremely pessimistic view of American city government, no doubt, could have been amply justified by the melancholy record of corruption and mismanagement which can be found in every state from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Responsibility for it rests not so much with the general body of citizens as with the promoters and manipulators of public services and utility corporations. It is needless to elaborate this point since ample evidence of the fact exists in the reports of government and other commissions and in the prosecutions and convictions made and obtained in many federal and state courts. The devious methods by which control of city gov-

(Continued on page eight.)

OUR GUEST OF NEXT WEEK



Sir Wilfrid Laurier enters the province over the Canadian Northern on Monday and reaches Edmonton on the line. Elaborate preparations are being made for his reception in the Capital City and the hearty seconded at through the rest of the province.

lowering the tariff with a definiteness which makes it impossible for it to recede.

Another notable feature of his trip has been the reception recorded him by those of other than British birth. There has been no mistaking the appeal which he made to them and he has made the best kind of use of the opportunities thus presented to him. His address at Regina to the German citizens was admirably conceived. In view of the strained relations which have existed between the two Old World countries, which for historical and other reasons should be friends and allies rather than possible enemies, it serves the broadest of purposes. It is calculated to make for national and imperial unity and for international friendship at the same time.

Part of this address of the Premier's will stand reproduction here:

"We do not seek independence or separation from

citizens tell us they are prepared to man our ships and fight our battles. This message will be carried over the wires to all parts of the Empire. Britishers in all parts of the world will learn with satisfaction that we can count on the German settlers of this Canada of ours to defend the flag and the King of the British Empire.

"This note of patriotism will send a thrill of pride throughout the length and breadth of Canada. May the day never come when our German friends may be called upon to fulfill their duty, which they say they are ready to perform. It has been stated there is trouble brewing in England between Germany and Great Britain. For my part I have never believed it. What quarrel can Germany have with Great Britain? England has been the best friend of Germany in the days when Germany was not so strong as she is today. She was the best friend of Germany at the time of the civil war when Frederick

The Saturday News.

An Albertan Weekly Review
Published by
SATURDAY NEWS LIMITED
Subscription - - - \$1.50 per year
Edmonton and United
States points - - - \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on application

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1910.

LEGAL

Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Wm. Short, K.C. Hon. C. W. Cross
O. M. Biggar Hector Cowan
Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.
MONEY TO LOAN.

Dawson, Hyndman & Hyndman
ADVOCATES. NOTARIES ETC.
Edmonton Alta.
Money to Loan on Real Estate
Office: McDougall Block

H. J. Dawson J. D. Hyndman
H. H. Hyndman.

Emery, Newell & Bolton
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
E. C. Emery, C. F. Newell
S. E. Bolton.
Office: McDougall Avenue, near
Imperial Bank Bldg.

Lavell & Allison
BARRISTERS, ETC.
ohn R. Lavell W. B. Allison
Bank of Commerce Chambers
Strathcona, - - - Albera

STUART & McQUAID
Alex. Stuart, K.C. ... E. S. McQuaid
Office: Gariepy Block, Edmonton
Alberta.

Robertson, Dickson & Macdonald
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS
H. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson,
J. M. Macdonald.
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan
Office: 135 Jasper Ave. E.
Money to Loan.

ACCOUNTANTS

ALBERT E. NASH
ACCOUNTANT AUDITOR
ASSIGNEE LIQUIDATOR
Room 206 Windsor Block.
Phone 2413

RED DEER - ALBERTA

MOORE & DURIE
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
J. Carlyle Moore, B.A., J.D.
Corbet L. Durie, B.A., Crown
Prosecutor.
Particular attention to collections
and agency work.

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS
Registered Architects
R. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
C. Lionel Gibbs, M.S.A., A.A.A.
141 Jasper Ave. West, Edmonton.
Phone 1361

James Henderson, F.R.I.B.A.
A.A.A.
ARCHITECT
Cristall Block, 42 Jasper Ave. West,
Edmonton.

MUSIC

Miss Beatrice Crawford
TEACHER OF PIANO
Accompanist

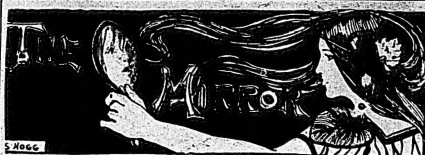
Studio: ALB ERTA COLLEGE

MARY W. CAMPBELL
Teacher High Class

China Decoration, Water Colors, Etc.
China fired weekly

Studio 476 Seventh St. Phone 1809

SW. SANDERSON
762 FIRST PHONE 1744
PHOTOGRAPHER



Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey's over,
There'll be time enough to sleep.

Last night I packed the boy off for
a breath of mountain air. This morn-
ing the house is so still—another little
somebody being asleep—I find it im-
possible to write, so strong is habit
or the getting used to things!

Yet I have always told myself that
these were the conditions under which
I could do my best work. How I
miss the boy!

This morning I arose with no one
to wish me a "good-morning." Break-
fast was another dreary experience,
mainly consisting of gazing at the
fern-pot in the centre of the table and
wondering what "he" was doing now.

Following the toast and coffee
farce, I fed the chicks—which was a
sort of comfort because they are his,
and in so doing I was carrying out
his instructions. You may be sure
he was very full of business before
setting off, quite as fussy as a woman.
"Had I packed his bathing suit?
Should he take an extra cap? Mother,
what should he do about getting a
horse, and did you climb mountains
by regular roads-ways, or the way he
liked, scrambling up their sides?"

I have been half-waiting all morn-
ing for him to pop in—home is not
home without him—"is not the place
where we lay our head, but the place
where we lay our heart."

This "getting used to things," is it
not one of the saddest experiences in
life?

Getting used to failure, getting used
to living without any ambition; get-
ting so used to each other that we
don't appreciate the other's presence;
getting used to pain, to a mean out-
look, most irrevocable of all, to do-
loose in life, to deceit, and getting
used without our dearest.

I had a friend, the other day, refer
to this very thing. She was speak-
ing of her father's death.
"We had gotten so used," she said,
"to his being always so sweet and
gentle and charitable, that we took it
all as a matter of course. It was only
after he died, that we knew what we
had lost."

Every day, in every walk in life, if
we could drop this "taking for grant-
ed" attitude, we would discover that
we were surrounded by saints—yes,
and by sinners, too. Many men and
women whose lives are one long un-
wearied sacrifice, would, for a change,
get a little recognition in this world,
but again there would be thousands
of broken hearts, so perhaps it is as
well.

Stamped on my memory is the in-
delible image of a man of great prom-
ise I knew years ago "at home."
Handsome, of splendid family, and
brilliant prospects, with wealth enough
to enable him to become what he
would, the last I saw of him, on this
recent trip of mine, was a broken-
down man with all the tastes and in-
clinations of his former estate, joined
to a seven dollars a week purse. Ev-
erything behind him—nothing ahead.
"Getting used"—dear Heaven to
just living, to merely existing. In a
cheap boarding-house he eats out his
days, toddling off to an office to put
in time for the necessary seven per-
cent, comes back to sleep—that is all—
Oh, for some power to raise light
in these men who accept circum-
stances with such serenity; for some

good whereby one could drive these
men from their dead selves to better
things."

I know so many fellows of fine at-
tainments who have long ago surren-
dered and who have come to even
waving the white flag with an air of
gusto and bravado.

Do you know A. E. Houseman's
"To An Athlete Dying Young." Listen—

"The time you won your town the
race
We cheered you through the market-
place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder
high.

Today the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold door,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not
stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut,
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than
cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the route
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outlast,
And the name die before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up,
The still-defended challenge cup.

And round the early laurelled head
Will rock to gaze the strenuous
dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland braver than a girl's.

When I was east I noticed in every
book-stall I visited, a thin little book,
entitled "Literary Lapses," by our
old friend of "Boarding House Geo-
metry" fame, Dr. Stephen Leacock,
which I was assured was enjoying a
tremendous vogue. Among the other
droll sketches in its witty pages I
saw the following, entitled "Helping
the Armenians," which seems to me
to have so universal an application as
to be read with profit—well, even
here in Edmonton.

"The financial affairs of the parish
church up at Doogalville have been
getting rather into a tangle in the last
six months. The people of the church
were specially anxious to do some-
thing toward the general public sub-
scription of the tower on behalf of the
unhappy Armenians, and to that pur-
pose they determined to devote the
collections taken up at a series of spe-
cial evening services. To give the
right sort of swing to the services and
to stimulate generous giving, they put
a new pipe organ into the church, in
order to make a preliminary payment
on the organ, it was decided to raise
a mortgage on the parsonage.

To pay the interest on the mortgage,
the choir of the church got up a sa-
cred concert in the town hall.

To pay for the town hall, the Wil-
ling Workers' Guild held a social in
the Sunday school. To pay the ex-
penses of the social, the rector deliv-

ered a public lecture on "Italy and
Her Past," illustrated by a magic lan-
tern. To pay for the magic lantern,
the curate and the ladies of the church
got up some amateur theatricals.

Finally, to pay for the costumes for
the theatricals, the rector felt it his
duty to dispense with the curate.

So that is where the church stands
just at present. What they chiefly
want to do is to raise enough money
to buy a suitable gold watch as a tes-
timonial to the curate. After that they
hope to be able to do something for
the Armenians. Meantime, of course,
the Armenians, the ones right there
in the town, are getting very trouble-
some. To begin with, there is the
Armenian who rented the costumes
for the theatricals; he has to be squired.
Then there is the Armenian or-
gan dealer, and the Armenian who
owned the magic lantern. They want
relief, badly.

The most urgent case is that of the
Armenian who holds the mortgage on
the parsonage.

The Baby Daughter

(By Fanny Kemble Johnson.)
All the day long my eyes may dwell
On that beloved small head;
All the night long my outstretched
hand
Touches her little bed.

So near is she, so dear is she,
So loved, and treasured so,
That, oh, it frightens me to think
How far in dreams I go
To places where she may not come
And times she may not know.

For just last night I dreamed I was
A child at home again,
Plucking wild berries as I strayed
Deep in a hillside glen.

It was so very far to come
Way up from childhood land
And all across the hills of youth
Ere I could understand
And reach through mists of sleep to
clasp
Her little groping hand.

So Dr. Crippen and Miss Le Veve
are caught, and the word "finish" can
be written against another sordid
drama of real life! How monotonous-
ly the tale repeats itself!

Married man, pretty girl, wife who
doesn't count! Reverse it if you want
—same ending. And the little wireless
wizard did it all.

Not only these days are there "ton-
gues in trees," but voices and sleuth
hounds—whistling through the
air above us, strange flying things we
wist little of, spooks walking abroad
and responsive to certain favored
mediums. Mystery and detection
hand in hand stalk through the coun-
try.

In view of the almost universal ex-
perience of criminals, the hurried es-
cape, pitiful man hunt that follows,
and ultimate capture, one wonders
why anyone should attempt these
things. Allowing that they are never
caught, which is hardly likely, what
happiness awaits a guilty pair? Is
not the usual ending a bullet or an-
other murder, aggravated through
fear, or jealousy?

If the day ever was when it paid
Allowing that they are never caught,
which is hardly likely, what happiness
awaits the guilty pair? Is not the
usual ending a bullet or another mur-
der, aggravated through fear, or jeal-
ousy?

If the day ever was when it paid
to thief, plunder and take life, that
day is long since ended. Be a man
so cunning, somewhere he has his
master. Out in desolate swamps
or in crowded city quarters, graves
have a strange habit of yawning these
(Continued on Page Six)

The Best Face Cream
I Ever Used

is what one of our lady customers tells us about

VIOLA CREAM

25c a bottle

Perfumed with violets and made from the purest
materials, is not sticky, dries quickly, leaving
the skin soft as velvet



F.W. Richardson

154 Jasper Ave. E.

Phone 1550 for prompt
serviceBLUE RIBBON
BEER

is recommended by the
family physician as the best
tonic you can take. It
builds up the system and
makes one feel like a new
person.

Phone 1911

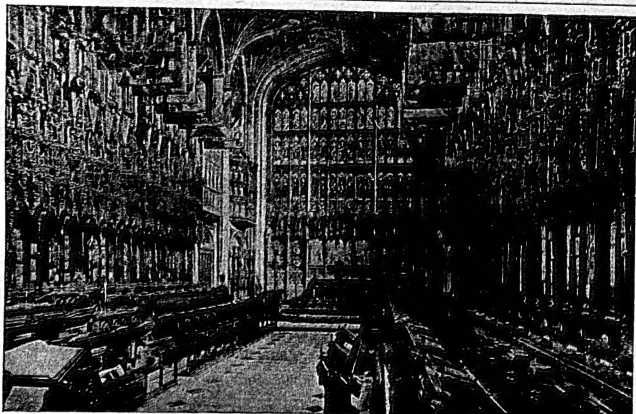
and your order will be
promptly delivered.

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.

Distributors

Phone 1911.

246, Jasper Avenue



CHOIR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1.00 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of
our depositors.

A model room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same
without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,575,000
Capital Paid Up, \$5,330,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,330,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account
is solicited, G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

Advertise in the News

By Thomas C. Galbreath in Chicago Record Herald.

(Continued on page four)

FIRST POSTAL SERVICE IN THE WORLD

The merit of having first organized a postal service and an overland system of transportation in the Old World belongs to the Persians, says a writer in *Youth's Companion*. Herodotus describes the royal road which ran from Sardis to Susa, a distance of thirteen thousand five hundred miles, equal to about fifteen hundred stages. It was divided into one hun-

No country is rich enough in its natural resources to stand such drains upon it as are continually made by forest fires in the United States and Canada every year, and the result is that from this cause alone the domain of the wilderness is constantly diminishing. In Ontario and Wisconsin fires due to railway engines destroyed millions of dollars worth of standing pine and hardwood only a week ago. In Wisconsin one of the burned districts extended 40 miles in one direction.

Reminiscences of Godwin Smith, contributed by Lionel A. Tollemache to the London *Nation*—pictures that distinguished scholar and campaigner as a man of strong antipathies. Goldwin Smith disliked Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Catholics, Irish Jews, and Frenchmen. Of these he detested Disraeli worst of all. Was he a Jew-hater? Disraeli, he said, "was having sprung from the Jewish race?" ask Mr. Tollemache, "or against the Jewish race for having given birth to Disraeli?" The key to his violent animosities, the writer finds in Godwin Smith's "Jewishness," which is a milder way of saying fanaticism. "The crushing personality of Godwin Smith started his powers of sympathy. Like Freeman and perhaps like Macaulay, he was lacking in the Shakespearean faculty of catch-

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited
• TORONTO

The Right Reverend Randall T. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, England, who is well known in Canada, will be a prominent figure in the ceremonies that will attend the coronation of George V.

SOME ENGLISH COUNTRY NAMES

Sussex can produce queer names in plenty; for example, Replenished Fryer, a damsel who dwelt at Heathfield; Mr. Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Mr. Alas Cressel and Master Perform-by-views Seers. The county archives also yield unusual family names, such as Pitchfork, Devil, Teper Juglery, Beat-up, Breathing, Whiskey, Wildgoose and Lies.

Dorset can hold her own tolerably well with villages named Ryne Intrinseca and Toller Porcorum; rivers called Wriggle River and Devil's Brook; commons christened Giddy Green and God's Blessing and heights called Hundry Down, Mount Ararat, Grammars Hill and Dancing Hill. A prospective tenant might well hesitate before signing the lease of Wooden Cabbage Farm, Labor in Vain Farm, Poor Lot Farm and Charity Bottom, even though he should hail from Kent, which owns two Starvecrow farms within a mile of each other.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mercy

Unto a medium I went,
Some messages from the dead to hear;
Although I told her my intent,
She out of spirits did appear.

Ring 2464 For your Next Order Coal and Wood

T. G. PEARCE

1st. St. Cor. Helmink, Edmonton

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottewell,
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Drink HYGEIA



Distilled Water

And be Safe

All Grocers and
Liquor Dealers

J. J. McLaughlin Ltd.
BELLAMY ST.

THE CRIPPLING EFFECT OF CREDIT

When the Retail Merchant Can Realize That Giving Credit is Lending Money He Is a Safe Man

To the above aphorism it may be fitly added that, when the purchaser fully comprehends that getting credit is actually borrowing money at a ruinous interest he is in the right way to escape financial misery.

There is in the science of political economy a part of the subject known as the "standard of Deferred Payment" which deals with sales on credit in a scientific manner, or rather, we may say, as they are affected by economic law. The subject is not a simple one, and certainly not of much interest to the general reader, but there is a side issue connected with it, so plain that the who runs may read, and which is of more or less interest to everyone of us—we men of course obtaining goods on credit from our storekeeper.

This system used to be called "trust," now it is generally spoken of as "credit." The two words, however, mean in this case the same thing, and indicate that the person who buys the goods may be trusted to pay for them at some future time, and that, therefore, the person so trusted is credited with honest intentions. The storekeeper's honesty and honour, therefore, are supposed to form the base of the whole transaction. Now, it is obvious that to every bargain of this nature there must be two parties—the one who sells and the one who buys, and that between the two a clear understanding exists or ought to exist as to the exact time when payment is required to be made.

At this point the transaction is both just and honourable, and, therefore, beyond reproach, but unfortunately human frailty often steps in here and spoils the whole thing. Either the seller or the buyer, or both, may be influenced by mean greed or trickery, and so what within due limits may otherwise be a good thing for both parties often turns out to be a delusion and a snare. Mutual hatred ensues, invective follows, recrimination is freely indulged in, personal abuse is resorted to and the miserable affair ends in a disreputable wrangle and unseemly squabble.

Now, no one probably will attempt to deny that the privilege of being able to purchase goods in a small way on credit (with large mercantile transactions we are not here concerned), is often a great convenience, the true value of which is only realized when the privilege is taken away. But as privileges are often rightly supposed to carry "compensating advantages" the tradesman is reasonably entitled to a slight increase in the price of his goods as a consideration for being able for a time deprived of the use of his money. This demand of the tradesman, however, is often fiercely resented by the customer in terms not always fit to be seen in print.

Why, then, don't people "settle up their accounts?" One of the chief reasons we believe is neglect. They cannot be bothered—they haven't the time to "look into" the account—they will "really do so next week—next month—sometime, but not now! And so the account runs on and on indefinitely, until at length the total begins to assume such proportions that suspicion arises that there is "something crooked"—"somewhere!" Then it is that the idea gains credence that every storekeeper is necessarily a rogue, whereas storekeepers as a class are men of strict integrity and unimpeachable honor.

But there is another class of debtor well known to every tradesman, a debtor not poor, not stupid, not absolutely dishonest. Oh, no, with perhaps a fine house, fine clothes, bejewelled fingers, whose whole outward appearance in fact betokens high respectability, but his account has been standing for over a year, and he won't pay—no, he won't settle up. The oftener the tradesman sends in his monthly bill the more abuse he gets; and should the slightest error creep into the account—"Oh, I'm not going to pay that, it is incorrect." The tradesman meanwhile is cramped and hampered for want of cash to meet his acceptances, but what is that to the other fellow? He will swim whoever sinks.

And now a word of caution to the inconsiderate purchaser—that is, say, the poor, thoughtless woman customer, who asks for temporary credit. The person is honest as the daylight, and will pay willingly the last cent owing. But these are the people who unconsciously tempt the storekeeper to do wrong. Knowing that the money is sure he flatters with an oily tongue, and thus induces the customer to buy far more than is required because "it is so cheap, you know." Then in due time the account goes in and the husband is hoodwinked, secrecy and deception follow as a matter of course, till at length the crisis comes, and domestic peace is for the



time wrecked. But you may say "all this is trivial and frivolous." Well, perhaps so, but it is true, nevertheless, and with regard to trivialities it is as well not to forget that the life history of most of us is largely made up of so-called little things. It is not a small thing, however, for an impetuous person to get heavily in debt to his storekeeper, and it is by no means a small matter for a "well-to-do" to deprive his tradesman of what is his due. There is such a thing as honesty as well as honesty, and in every true man both go together. But when there is an utter absence of the first quality nothing can prevent the man from becoming a lopsided member of society.

The following are three good little rules which if followed will save much annoyance, anxiety and regret:

- 1.—Buy only what is necessary.
- 2.—But the best of its kind.
- 3.—Pay cash for all you buy.

GEORGE BOWKER

Edmonton, Aug. 5th.

BOYS PREVENT DROWNING

Splendid courage was shown recently by two English messenger boys—Leonard Appleton and Percy Holloway. They were bathing in the River Thames, between Reading and Tilehurst, when Tom Foley, aged fourteen years, an indifferent swimmer, went beyond his depth. He shouted for help, and Holloway at once swam to him. Foley threw his arms round Appleton's neck.

Appleton fought desperately to bring Foley to the land, but, finding his strength failing, he also shouted for help, and Holloway, at once responded to the call. Foley's strength was spent, and Appleton was now very weak. Holloway succeeded in keeping both Appleton and Foley floating till a boat arrived, and rescued the boys, who were in mid-stream.

The conduct of the boys is to be brought before the Royal Humane Society.

SERIO-COMIC BURGLAR

Could Not Keep Mum About His Amusing Adventure

An ancient burglar story is revived by a correspondent of the London Daily News. A young girl had gone up to bed, and on lighting her candle saw in the looking glass a man in a corner of the room, where he believed himself hidden from observation. With great presence of mind she pretended to be unconscious of his presence, and to emphasize this attitude lifted her arms in front of the mirror, saying aloud, "What beautiful arms I've got!" A minute or two after she quietly left the room, and during her absence the burglar thought it well to make his escape. Some time afterwards she was in a crowd, and a man whispered, "What beautiful arms I've got!" She raised a cry and the man was arrested, confessing later that the impulse of exposing the girl's supposed vanity had been irresistible; particularly as he continued to believe he had escaped her notice on the occasion of his intended burglary.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Did you ever hear a married man coax his wife to sing for him?

Some people who are out for a good time haven't time to be good.

For obvious reasons very few people die from brain fog.

For many years the French birth rate has been steadily declining, but in 1909 for the first time in French history, the births and deaths during the year were practically equal. The figures were: Births, 770,000 and deaths 756,500.

When

Motoring

be sure you have a camera with you. You can then snap the pretty spots from the car

Come in and see our stock of KODAKS, PREMO and BROWNIE CAMERAS. We have them at prices ranging from \$1.00 up

Everything in the photographic line

GEO. H. GRAYDON KING EDWARD PHARMACY 260 Jasper E.

THE HON. C. S. ROLLS

The Aviator Who Met So Tragic a Death—a Type of Young England

Charles E. Hands, in London Daily Mail.

Poor Charlie Rolls! We who knew him realize that England has lost a great deal by his death. For he was a shining example of that spirit of activity and effort which is the answer for the young of the race to the call of duty and don't care attitude that a few years ago seemed, after a generation of easy prosperity, to have taken possession of the mind of the nation.

I knew him in his motoring days as something a great deal more than a mere motoring enthusiast. It was not motoring that fascinated him. It was engineering.

I saw him learning to fly in his first Wright machine. It was not that he had lost interest in motoring and had caught the new infection of flying. He was still the same devotee of engineering and mechanical science. I did not know him when he was a cyclist but I know that he was the same man in those early days. It was the mystery and fascination of the machine that even then caught his imagination. It was the hungry desire to do something in the world under the conditions of accomplishment which prevailed that led him to follow the developments of the mechanical science that holds the greatest possibilities of accomplishment.

He had no occasion to do things. He might have been a sportsman, he looked forward to a careless life of easy enjoyment of a world in which nothing needed to be done. He might, if his inclinations had led him that way have found an outlet for his energies in sport. He played golf and cricket in the summer.

But there was for him no satisfaction of achievement in any pastime. He had a burning passion to do something that counted. Nothing more true of mankind could be said of him than to describe his interests in life as being those of a "sportsman." When he had done something with his working days he might have passed a leisure hour in the enjoyment of some sport, but he was no mere sportsman. He was an engineer, not enjoyment that he sought in life.

Once I accompanied him on a motor run from London to Paris. His interest in the journey from London to Southampton and from Havre to Paris was not in the towns we visited, or the scenery we passed through or the people we encountered. It was the engine of his big racing car that interested him all the way.

On the road we had serious trouble with the engine. One of the four cylinders of the big racing Panhard, with which he had cut the kilometre record in England a few days before, went wrong somewhere along the road between Havre and Rouen. He managed to get the limping motor-car into a little village.

The mishap brought him not disappointment but one of the delights of his life. For it was necessary to pull the big engine to pieces in order to get at the seat of the trouble within the cylinder. He had no tools for such an undertaking, but in the village he found a wonderful French mechanic in a workshop with a lathe. The two of them put on their overalls and got to work upon the complicated machine. They took it all to pieces, found out the trouble, duplicated the damaged part, and built the engine up again in workman-like style. He had started out to break the French kilometre record. That under the circumstances, was impossible, but Mr. Rolls derived a delight from the successful repair of the complicated engine far greater than any sensation of pleasure he might have derived

from cutting the speed record. Ever afterwards he kept up close friendship with that village mechanic, who on several occasions visited him in London, and whom he went many times to see when occasion carried him to France. The love and knowledge of engineering made a bond of sympathy that brought the young English aristocrat and the French workman into a close and enduring friendship.

He took up flying as he had taken up motoring, not for the enjoyment of the sensation of flight, but because he was eager for the new opportunities of engineering achievement which airmanship offered. In motoring he had done more than break records. He had evolved the wonderful and beautiful Rolls-Royce six-cylinder engine, as perfectly finished a piece of mechanism as a chronometer.

It happened that I was with him when he was learning to fly, and I believe I saw him make his very first flight at Shellbeach of a quarter of a mile. It was science, not mere sport, that marked those early experiments. With patience and determination he applied himself to mastering the difficulties of flight. He had practiced with a gliding machine before he obtained possession of the first Wright aeroplane that was seen in England. He had been to France to see one of the Wright Brothers fly. Down upon the marshes of the Isle of Sheppey the scientific thoroughness with which he applied himself to work he had taken in hand compelled the admiration and respect of everybody who saw him.

If he had wished merely the adventurous joy of flying he might have made extended flights long before he did. He restricted himself to short hops of a couple of hundred yards or so, because it was not a sporting sensation he was aiming at, but a complete mastery of the new science. He knew every part, every wooden strut and wire stay of his machine, had calculated the strains and stresses that would be developed upon every bit of material. He was an engineer, not enthusiast, not a flying man.

When he was at school and at Cambridge he used to be called "Dirty" Rolls by other boys who saw no fun in getting their hands blackened and their clothes saturated with oil. But he did not mind that. He applied himself to his academic studies took his degrees with distinction, disdain no branch of knowledge—but always and first of all, he was an engineer, because he wanted to do something in the world and it was engineering that offered him the fullest opportunities.

In airmanship he would have succeeded in developing something at as notable as the Rolls-Royce motor. All his flying experience was directed to that end.

"It is no good to be something," I once heard him say, "what is wanted nowadays is a man who can do something and do it well."—All his life he tried to do something and do it well. Young as he was, he was one of the first Englishmen to ride a motor-bicycle and drive a motor-car. He was a great reader, familiar with the modern literary developments in Germany and France as well as in England. He was abreast of progress in other branches of science than his own. He lived his life in earnest. I saw him yesterday lying dead among the wreckage of a great career.

THIRTY-CENT MEN

Willie (on roof garden)—How small the men look down there, papa. Willie's Papa—No wonder, Willie. They are all going home to their wives—Puck.

Automobile and Carriage Painting

Satisfaction Guaranteed

A. P. GREGORY
WORKS 11 11 438 CLARK ST.
(Between N. & E. Kings)

Phone 2325 for Estimates
Carriage and Wagon Repairs



The

Original

of

Genuine

Beware

of

Imitations

Sold

on the

Merits

of

MINNIE'S

LINIMENT

Are you thinking of
Purchasing a

DIAMOND?

If so it would be worth your while to have a look over our stock. We have Diamond Rings from \$9.00 to \$500.00. Also we have a very fine line of diamond set Brooches, which would be very suitable for a bridal gift.

G. F. WATCHER

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician

Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

Phone 1639, Ambulance Service

Andrews & Sons

Undertakers

Prompt attention to day or night calls

524 Mainway Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

OUR STOCK OF

Brass Candlesticks

Is better assorted and at prices never before equalled in Edmonton.

Jackson Bros.

303 Jasper Avenue E.

Marriage Licenses Issued.
G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.

BREAK THE HABIT

—of—

"Just Glancing at Things"

IF there's an ad. in this paper—one of the kind that's repeated—and you are not able to tell what it's about, or what the advertiser is so much in earnest about that he repeats, and repeats, and repeats his message to you—why not, for your own information, just settle down and

READ THAT AD.

read it as carefully as though it were a business letter addressed to you! Then you'll *know* whether it interests you. Now, you *don't*.

Nobody gets much *real* information by "just glancing at things"—especially is this true of advertising. For advertising is such a many-phrased factor of today-life—is woven so carefully into the fabric of today-affairs—that it is something to be *understood*—to be considered in its significance to you, personally.

Don't
"Just Glance"

MY FOREIGNER

(Continued from page three.)

After the war I had been arrested because he talked so much of the land of liberty. He was tried by court-martial and exiled to Siberia. There along the shores of the Arctic with a half-dozen deported companions, he had spent eleven months of such solitude as make men go mad. "Half the time it is one long night; only the shooting lights, what you call aurora borealis, to make it a little bright. And all that time I see no meat. I eat only fish. Then one time I go away in the dark night, with my feet. For five months I go. I keep away from the big cities in order that the spies they not see me. Then I go to Korea and Japan. Then a ship bring me to the land of liberty. The Government—Rooshy—it break my life."

The following morning brought with it little change from the restlessness that had possessed me the night before. Although I tried to write, my thoughts continuously shaped themselves to the music we had sung together. Every little while I found myself casting a glance towards the city, and was disappointed that I did not see the long, striding figure of my foreigner. Half the afternoon had passed when I beheld him in the distance. As he came nearer, I saw that he carried something in a bag.

"I said that soon I come," he explained. "Is it to-day that is soon?" "It is not too soon," I replied. "I have been hoping you would come to see me to-day."

"See," he said, opening the bag and taking from it the violin. "I bring the music that in Rooshy I learn to make." Without further words he drew the bow fondly across the strings. Boldly he struck into the first tones as though meeting a challenge:

My country 'tis thee.

Gently came the next strains from Hyblaean lips the very words themselves seemed to come. Reverently, yet proudly, he glided into the bar—

Land where my fathers died,—and, looking towards the range where hill upon hill folded toward the divide that pierced the very heavens, plunged wildly and grandly into the lines: From every mountain-side

Let freedom ring!

When he had finished, neither of us spoke for some time. He caressed his beloved instrument before putting it away. Then he seated himself beside me.

"Will you stay?" I finally asked. He did not grasp my meaning. I continued:

"Here—with me? Will you stay? A long time will you stay?"

His face lightened up with understanding and anticipation. "I think you for what good you are to me," he exclaimed; "but it is that I must work."

"I have work, and I must find some one to do it."

So it was arranged that he should come to me and do the chores about the cottage that had heretofore plagued me in their persistent calling. He was an apt pupil. "My heart is in my hand when I do the work," he explained. "The little garden now yielded much more than we needed, and he sold the surplus in the city market. Before long he was deep in to the chick business; but, busy as he might be in these interests, his first care always was to look after my comfort. "Your cabin," he had said, "calls to me when I get awake first and when I go to bed last. It is no bigger, but prettier it is and more worth than the best of my people."

Sometimes in the long evenings, he would take up his violin and play the songs he had learned in the country that had "despised" him. Sometimes he would read from my books, frequently asking me to explain some phrase, or to tell him further about some person or incident. He carefully pored over the lives of our revolutionary statesmen and warriors, and often some scientific work held him closely. "In Rooshy for long time they not let Darwin's works be translated. Why? Because he the old order upset. Spencer's works first must be much cut out by censor—ignorant public official. But Tolstoy and Baskin they let them read. These writers object to what is; but they say to suffer and not to rebel. And Rooshy like the people to suffer."

Occasionally I would place in his hands some article exposing corruption in the working of our municipal and national government. I had my fears as to the effect it might have upon him, so child-like was he in adoration of the land of his adoption. And yet I felt that this knowledge must come to him and I wanted to be at hand to help him when it was necessary.

"Ah," he said, one evening, "lying aside a special article on the attack on Senators accused of being controlled by corporation influences. 'The author will be not for that go to prison?'"

Then I explained to him the responsibility of both the writer and the publisher in the matter, and showed him the replies that the accused had made through the press.

"Yes," he said, "that is it, the liberty to say, to speak. You and I—every body in this country—our country—can read—we are the jury. What is it your great man say, 'All the people all the time you cannot fool?' And so it is that your country—our country—maybe totters a little some times; but it never go over. Liberty, it is the grand thing. It do not mean everything is good; but it mean everything may be good."

It was an evening in the late fall when he told me fully about his early life. His load of protract he had taken to the market that day brought him good prices, and he had brought home with him, not the money, but a bank-book showing his first deposit. With boyish glee he told me what he had done. But suddenly his face clouded.

"It is the contrast I remember. When I think so happy thoughts, I cannot forget," he explained. "Rooshy and her poor people—my people—they will keep in my mind." After a short silence he went on:

"It was that my mother's people (she was only a girl of seventeen years old) had little money enough to pay the taxes. And the harvest was poor, so poor they mixed husk with the flour to make it farther go. Even before the day of the Saints Cosma and Damian they mixed husk when they made the bread. Because the flour got so low, by the day of the cold Saint George they eat but two meals. When Saint Nicholas come, they have no bread. Then they little money borrow from the lender at much interest. Soon it give out, and they then do what they do, they go out for morsels here. When the lender see this, he become nice to my mother. She then but the girl, you remember. He then offer the more money to lend. But, you see, he the string tie to it. He made nice eyes at the girl, the same girl who now is my mother. He became fastidious. He persist, he persist until he insult. Then she go to the priest."

"You cannot know the priest. He is not preacher as you have preacher. He no enthusiastic about religion. He more as officer to make people come to the Russian Church. Because girl no belong to the Czar's church, he no listen to her when she ask protection, and when she ask to be let to marry the man she love. For she love to young man who move in the Czar's church. At last, the priest make paper, and she sign it. That means she must by the lender be let alone to marry the man she love. But, she had promised, that if any children to her come they must join the Russian Church."

"So I was born the slave. When I become the girl, I resent. They flog my father; they put him in the prison; but they soon let him go out for the war with the Japan come, and they fight many things when men no shoot and die needed."

"When I come back in defeat, I talk against the Government. They give his soldiers not fit food to eat, no clothes to keep warm, not good arms and powder to shoot. 'A soldier,' the Government that do not let, soldier, the truth tell. Then they make a Siberian garden. And so they me from my people take when I do no harm. They break my life because I talk the truth. I am a human being. I love my people but they must us separate and send me to the prison."

His voice faltered as he finished. It was plain that he had once loved the country he now hated;—at his love for his people was still there, and the call of his home was in his heart. I had him talk with me out under the autumn stars. When we returned he took down his violin. It was "Sweet land of liberty, Thy name I love," that he played, and I thought that I could hear his soul vibrate on the strings.

That winter passed. Another spring had come. The last snow had about disappeared, and the plants in the hot houses were nearly ready for transplanting. The air was full of the spirit of the rebirth; but I was not responsive to it. A sense of foreboding hung over me. I could not throw it off.

Since that night he had said nothing about his home, although at times I felt that the subject was near his lips. An old Fifth Reader, preserved quite so much dust as did the other books on the parlor book shelf. And when I allowed it to open carefully in my hands, the page that fell under my eye contained those verses beginning, "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"This sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark."

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;

Tis sweet to know there is an eye that comes, and look brighter when we come.

March had nearly gone, when, one evening at the supper table, he said in a Pullman car, in one-fifth the time he would like to go into the town that night. "It is that I see some actor or some music I hear," he told me. "There is the restlessness I would shake off." I felt then in some way the end of our days together had come or would soon come. And, before sleep came to either of us that night I learned why it must be.

It was late when he returned from the city. I had been in my bed a long time. He walked quietly that he might not awaken me. Softly he entered the cabin, as softly he found what he wanted, and then went out. Intently I listened; but I could catch no sound. Suddenly I was seized with the thought that he had left me, that dreading the farewell, he had slipped away in the night, leaving, perhaps, a note that I should find on the morrow. I could not believe it—and yet—

Then from some where far across the prairie there came to me the sweet, sad music of his violin. Softly—oh, so softly—he touched the bow to the vibrant strings; but in the still night air every tone came clear to me. Only the stars looked down on him, and he thought none other than they knew.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

In the morning at the table he tried to tell me, "Last night, I hear the new song," he said.

"I know," I replied. "It is an old song to me. He looked at me without comprehending. 'I think,' he said and his fingers twitched at the table cover, 'I think that I go.'"

"I understand." "I mean it is—it is to home I must go. You do not know?" "Yes, I know, I know everything," I exclaimed, in a sudden burst of selfishness. "You must go home."

"But I come again with my people," he explained. "Yes, you must come, with your people," I said.

"And then," his eyes brightened, "and then I have my home in my country. Will the master be glad when I come again?"

"I shall not be glad until you do come again," I replied. "But you must go home."

As he passed over the hill far toward the town, he looked back and waved his hat in farewell. This time the spirit of a different song than that which had first directed his steps towards my cabin, was carrying him across the continent and ocean to his people. But, as he said on leaving together, the two songs sing to sing, all in the same breath, the United States hymn and the "Sweet Home" song.

And he will come back. I hold his violin as hostage.



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price

and fine quality

evening at the supper table, he said in a Pullman car, in one-fifth the time he would like to go into the town that night. "It is that I see some actor or some music I hear," he told me. "There is the restlessness I would shake off." I felt then in some way the end of our days together had come or would soon come. And, before sleep came to either of us that night I learned why it must be.

It was late when he returned from the city. I had been in my bed a long time. He walked quietly that he might not awaken me. Softly he entered the cabin, as softly he found what he wanted, and then went out. Intently I listened; but I could catch no sound. Suddenly I was seized with the thought that he had left me, that dreading the farewell, he had slipped away in the night, leaving, perhaps, a note that I should find on the morrow. I could not believe it—and yet—

Then from some where far across the prairie there came to me the sweet, sad music of his violin. Softly—oh, so softly—he touched the bow to the vibrant strings; but in the still night air every tone came clear to me. Only the stars looked down on him, and he thought none other than they knew.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

In the morning at the table he tried to tell me, "Last night, I hear the new song," he said.

"I know," I replied. "It is an old song to me. He looked at me without comprehending. 'I think,' he said and his fingers twitched at the table cover, 'I think that I go.'"

"I understand." "I mean it is—it is to home I must go. You do not know?" "Yes, I know, I know everything," I exclaimed, in a sudden burst of selfishness. "You must go home."

"But I come again with my people," he explained. "Yes, you must come, with your people," I said.

"And then," his eyes brightened, "and then I have my home in my country. Will the master be glad when I come again?"

"I shall not be glad until you do come again," I replied. "But you must go home."

As he passed over the hill far toward the town, he looked back and waved his hat in farewell. This time the spirit of a different song than that which had first directed his steps towards my cabin, was carrying him across the continent and ocean to his people. But, as he said on leaving together, the two songs sing to sing, all in the same breath, the United States hymn and the "Sweet Home" song.

And he will come back. I hold his violin as hostage.

LAND OF WHEELBARROWS

China Has No Roads for Four-Wheeled Vehicles and is Just Adopting

Next to housebuilding, food and dress, transportation is the most important industry of civilization. China has no roads, and is only now adopting railways. Modern China may be said to date from the Boxer uprising of ten years ago. At that time railway development was just beginning. The Boxer tore up the tracks and struck a tremendous blow against railway construction. However, today one may trace from Hankow to Peking, half way across the empire,

evening at the supper table, he said in a Pullman car, in one-fifth the time he would like to go into the town that night. "It is that I see some actor or some music I hear," he told me. "There is the restlessness I would shake off." I felt then in some way the end of our days together had come or would soon come. And, before sleep came to either of us that night I learned why it must be.

It was late when he returned from the city. I had been in my bed a long time. He walked quietly that he might not awaken me. Softly he entered the cabin, as softly he found what he wanted, and then went out. Intently I listened; but I could catch no sound. Suddenly I was seized with the thought that he had left me, that dreading the farewell, he had slipped away in the night, leaving, perhaps, a note that I should find on the morrow. I could not believe it—and yet—

Then from some where far across the prairie there came to me the sweet, sad music of his violin. Softly—oh, so softly—he touched the bow to the vibrant strings; but in the still night air every tone came clear to me. Only the stars looked down on him, and he thought none other than they knew.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

In the morning at the table he tried to tell me, "Last night, I hear the new song," he said.

"I know," I replied. "It is an old song to me. He looked at me without comprehending. 'I think,' he said and his fingers twitched at the table cover, 'I think that I go.'"

"I understand." "I mean it is—it is to home I must go. You do not know?" "Yes, I know, I know everything," I exclaimed, in a sudden burst of selfishness. "You must go home."

"But I come again with my people," he explained. "Yes, you must come, with your people," I said.

"And then," his eyes brightened, "and then I have my home in my country. Will the master be glad when I come again?"

"I shall not be glad until you do come again," I replied. "But you must go home."

As he passed over the hill far toward the town, he looked back and waved his hat in farewell. This time the spirit of a different song than that which had first directed his steps towards my cabin, was carrying him across the continent and ocean to his people. But, as he said on leaving together, the two songs sing to sing, all in the same breath, the United States hymn and the "Sweet Home" song.

And he will come back. I hold his violin as hostage.

The New Definition
 "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways."
 "No?"
 "Not by any means. It is a poor rule that won't excuse itself when it's elirable."

Queer.
 "It is funny."
 "What is?"
 "A man never knows it when he has a good wife, but when he has a poor one he finds it out mighty quick."

Out of Sight.
 "He has a large bump of selfishness all right."
 "Where is that located?"
 "In the hip pocket in his case."

Aggravating.
 Now that you're loaded up with clothes. Enough to do the winter through. Perhaps you notice that the stove Have cut the price just in two.

The Store of Quality

BREAD

When you buy Hallier & Aldridge's Bread, you are getting a scientifically made and wholesome oven product.

Everything that goes into this Bread is of the best, and machinery ensures cleanliness. Try a loaf of

Mother's Bread

It is always sweet and good.

Made only by

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE

Phone 1337 - 223 Jasper Ave., E.



LOOKING OVER

The sample photographs in this studio you may think that they had been specially made or selected. Not so. They are just sample photos at the top of our regular

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

When you admire them please remember that they are no better portraits than we are prepared to make of you.

Burk's Studio
 303 Jasper, E.

Hard Water Soap

The soap to use with Edmonton city water. Only 15c a cake.

Pure Castile Soap

Nothing better for toilet use

J.F. McCallum

DRUGGIST

239 Jasper Avenue West
 Telephone 2692

Turner's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.

Room 23 and 24, Alberta Block
 Phone 2033

The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

HUSBANDS

They were discussing the possible husband, a half a dozen merry girls who were watching passersby on the beach. For more than an hour their had amused themselves in classifying by their looks the passing men.

"There goes a beauty!" called one of the group suddenly. "Did you ever see such a figure; his eyes are glorious, and look at that fascinating smile. How does he fill the bill for an ideal husband."

"No beauty for mine!" was the simultaneous protest of three of the censors.

"Indeed, no," echoed a fourth, an art student. "I've seen too much of the handsome man in our life class. Of all the horrible husbands I can imagine it is the 'best looker' kind. If he is not disgustingly vain he is sure to be selfish."

"And women will make such a fool of him, poor dear, though he has sense to burn to begin with. Look at your beauty now, Maude. See him preening for those silly girls who are gazing at him with adoring eyes. I happen to know him by reputation, and they say he makes his wife desperately unhappy, she is so jealous of him," interposed another.

"Here comes a hero ugly enough to meet your ideal!" exclaimed the first speaker as a man with features almost distorted and with figure misshapen approached, quickly averting his head as he saw himself noticed.

"Ugh!" "Horrible!" "Poor soul!" were some of the exclamations.

"Yes, I say poor soul, but I also say poor wife," said one of the more thoughtful girls. "There are doubtless women who could love such a man deeply, but he is sure to make her unhappy. Because he realizes his dreadful appearance, he becomes warped in nature, inordinately sensitive. Unwilling to accept the love granted him to be thankful for it, he becomes suspicious, jealous, exacting. There may be exceptions—but freakish ugliness does not make for happy marriages."

"Well, choicy ones, how does mediocrity suit you. The man approaching would never be noticed in a crowd," said the girl who seemed to be the spotter in chief.

"Too thick lips and lowering brows" replied the thoughtful girl. "A bad combination of ugly temper and coarseness. His wife will be a slave whose feeling are constantly jarred."

"Here's a nice face, what's wrong with him?" was the question as a young fellow with open countenance and kindly expression came in sight.

"Look at his shoes," put in a girl who was the pink of neatness, "they haven't seen polish for a week. He is the kind of man who mortifies you to death by his carelessness. Besides, a man to lazy to black his shoes will never make a decent living for his family."

"Behold the man for me!" ecstatically called the spotter in chief. "Did you ever see such an alert, spruce-looking I-know-how-to-make-good air? That man will be a hustler."

"Too much of one for his wife's comfort," said the thoughtful girl. "See how close his eyes are together and how hard his mouth. He's the kind who gets there over the body of his best friend if necessary. No tyrants and slave drivers for mine."

"Here's a man I know. Let's hear what you think of him, Miss Hard-to-Please," said a girl with twinkling eyes. "Diagnose him as a husband and I'll believe in you. He certainly looks all right."

"He certainly does, if you do not notice how weak his chin is and how self-indulgent the expression of his mouth. I'll wager he'd expect a wife to adore him and wait upon him and return it by worrying her to death with his habits."

"Right you are!" giggled the questioner. "He's my cousin, so I know that his sisters are beasts of burden for him, and he is breaking his mother's heart."

"What do you think of—?" began the thoughtful girl.

"I think," returned the spotter, "unless we make for the hotel the dining room will be closed and we will go lunchless. Sizing a husband by his looks is interesting, but would be more profitable if every one of us would marry the man she loves, and never give his looks a thought, much less diagnose his character from them."—Sister Mary, in Chicago Tribune.

TROUBLE ON THE LINE

Everybody who has used a telephone knows exactly what is meant by the following description of the way a certain person talked over the wire.

The man at one end had become thoroughly exasperated, and asked his friend if he was using his hearing. His friend was an Irishman, and replied, "I can hear you all right till you begin to talk, and then I can't understand a word you say."

SOUNDING OF TOXIN

(Milk from excited or irritated cows, is according to the latest scientific opinion, more harmful than that which contains disease germs. The blood of an excited animal throws out poisonous toxins that are most insalubrious.)

O milkman, be candid and tell me, I pray,
 If yours wares are with toxins infected?

If Clarissa the cow, when you milked her to-day,
 Was unruffled, sedate and collected?

Did she wake in a temper and scornfully laugh
 At the short horn who came from Strathpeffer?

Did she spurn the advances of Clarence the calf?
 Did she quarrel with Harold the heifer?

For, if so, to her produce no time I'll devote,
 But rely for my tea upon Gilbert, the goat.

O, butcher, please state if Susannah the sow
 Whom you recently turned into bacon.

Was a look of ineffable peace on her brow,
 If her nerves were unstrung or were shaken?

Oh, had Oswald, the ox, when you severed his tail?
 Been a martyr to mental disquiet?

Was there anything known about Constance the quail
 Which would make her unfit for my diet?

Pray explain, ere his ham on my platter I pile,
 Whether Peter the pig met his death with a smile.

O, my dairyman, tell me, I pray, to-day,
 Lest my prospect of breakfast be blighted,

Whether Hetty the hen, on envying her egg
 Was upset, overwrought or excited?

O, my grocer, bring, I pray, about Sam the sardine,
 When he swam as a child in the ocean.

Was his character tranquil, his outlook serene?
 Was he swayed by blind gusts of emotion?

For, if so, with a grief that is deep and acute
 I must really confine my attention to fruit!

While the heart of Louisa the lettuce is dead,
 And can harbor no poisonous acid,

Clementina the cabbage, though losing her head,
 Is by nature proverbially placid.

And though Bill the banana (whose coat one must strip),
 Provides suitable food for the glutton,

And Orlando the orange, though prone to "the pip,"
 Is more wholesome than M'dred the mutton.

Without fear of bacilli my tastes I may glut
 Upon Percy the pumpkin and Norah the nut.

Philadelphia Ledger

The Mirror

(Continued from page two)

times, so that one need not be accused of being a moralist when one queries, "What's the use?" Those who keep a clear conscience may miss many of the "thrills" of life; and, too, what I read the other day described as "the sweetness of sinning," but, by Jove! they have their reward right here and now.

One of the eight widely-heralded "Girles" in the opera of that foolish name, now running at the New Amsterdam in New York, recently underwent a rather exciting experience.

Can a chorus girl be popular, if married? Evidently, the manager thought not, so advertised the eight, only stunning originals as belonging to the noble army of spinsters.

Chapter Two. Foolish Man swallowed the bait, and took a "Girle" home. Enter Husband on the scene. Bullet through man or "Girle," I disremember which.

Well! that's enough, isn't it? Us "Girles" has a hard time of it, doesn't us?

Posty has just left. The hands of the clock point to past two. I live on Eighth street yet this is the first delivery today. All right for Spunkville, but really one is entitled to better things in an ambitious Western city.

Who provides the Posties, and when did the supply run so short? Are there no other men in Edmonton who could help some of the present over-worked boys out?

What's the use of establishing Board of Trade offices in other cities to induce people to come to this up-to-the-minute town, to receive such backwoods treatment? I'm not blaming the postmaster. I know what he is up against when he asks for more men, but I am blaming the "Man or Men, responsible," and I am kicking against the faithful men who bring our letters being literally weighted down like beasts of burden.

Can't the Board of Trade or someone do something?

LIGHTNING THE LEAST OF DANGERS.

Why are so many people brave under all other circumstances, so deathly afraid of thunder and lightning? asks Country Life in America. It

is not because lightning is so dangerous as going out of the house on a icy morning, walking down the cellar stairs, or a hundred other things we do every day without a thought of personal harm. More people are killed each year by falling building material, more die from fright, than are killed by lightning. The Census Bureau shows only 160 people killed by lightning in the entire United States during the year of 1906 and only thirty of these people were killed in the cities. Heat and the sun killed 763 during the same year; 203 died from cold and freezing, and 4,395 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of time during a thunderstorm to try to ease the fears of a person who is afraid, by telling him or her that the chances of being killed by lightning are less than two million; they will

remain just as frightened for all this mortuary knowledge. And after the storm has passed and nerves are steadied, the woman who was so frightened a few minutes before will start getting supper on the gas stove smiling through her tears that the danger has passed, and only laughing if you venture to remark that twice as many people are killed by gas stoves as by lightning.

The better the excuse the shorter the curtain lecture.

The alphabet is ever with us, though used only for a spell.

By going at full speed a man loses more time than he gains

Palms

We sold a large number of Palms during the month of July, in fact more than we ever anticipated handling. We have a number still on sale and will during August sell them at the same prices as during July.

Prices \$1.00 to \$8.00

Weddings

are a specialty with us. We have an expert for decorating, and that he is an artist has been vouched for by nearly every bride this year. Come in and see us. Our prices are reasonable and the work is done most satisfactorily.

PHONE 1292

RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES

The Capital Wine & Spirit Coy., Ltd.

127 Jasper Avenue Phone 1250
EDMONTON, ALTA.

The Cock o' the North

Direct from Talisker's Distillery, Perth, Scotland
to our warerooms

This is the brand that everybody is asking for

Have you tried it?

A. E. HOPKINS - Manager

When in Need
of Fine Stationery
for Select Correspondence

SEE US

We carry the most up-to-date
Stock of Stationery in the city.

Edmonton Book & Stationery Co.

115 Jasper Avenue W.

WHY CALL PEOPLE CRANKS?

Who are Edding. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All good dealers keep them, also

Eddy's Pails, Tubs, Washboards, Toilet Papers, etc.

The E. B. EDDY Coy. Hull, Can.

Established 1851

THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO., LTD.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 Rice Street Phone 1525

Home and Society

THE KNOCKER

She had a little hammer,
She used it with a will,
She knocked at everybody—
They couldn't keep her still,
She knocked about her neighbors
If they were friends or foes
She knocked about the table,
And she knocked about her clothes,
She knocked at hubby's smoking,
About his snoring too;
She knocked about his whistling,
And so, perhaps, would you;
At last the Reaper claimed her,
Her course on earth was run,
Her husband then considered
Her knocking days were done.

But hubby went one evening
To see a spirit show,
Where always, in the gloaming,
The spirits come and go.
He heard a spirit knocking—
"My wife," he said, "I'll bet!"
Now isn't she a wonder?
Hear that! She's knocking yet!

Little Inga Hislop celebrated her first birthday on Tuesday afternoon by having a jolly kiddies' garden party, with tea served later on the verandah. And although she was the littlest, bar one, of all the guests, this chubby, rosy-cheeked little maid, with the most distracting golden curls, was quite mistress of the situation, and enjoyed her party exceedingly, always, of course, being assisted in her hospitable duties by that coming courtier, "Ollie," whose manners might well put the famous Sir Walter to the blush. Among the many charming gifts showered on her by her admirers, Miss Hislop received a tiny moonstone pendant, set in beautifully simple fashion as becomes a baby's jewels, and which was very appropriately her birthstone.

The guests at this merry party were Miss Eleanor Cautley, Miss Jean McMahon, Miss Margaret Bowman, Miss Naomi Watt, and Master Alan Harvey, master of ceremonies, Masters John and Elbert Bowman, and little Baby Hutchinson.

Of course there was a great big cake with one tiny candle, coveted largely by the wee girl herself, and so many good things that the guests were with some difficulty induced to leave the table.

Mrs. W. S. Heffernan had a jolly dinner of six covers in her pretty apartments at "The Arlington" on Monday night, the guests including the Misses Claire and Anna Oliver, Miss Landry, Miss Jessie Potter and Miss Dorothy Sommerville. After dinner the party went on to the theatre.

Mrs. Douglas of Strathcona is giving a tea this Friday for Miss Claire and Miss Anna Oliver.

Mrs. Cornwall is entertaining at the tea hour the same day, in honor of Mrs. Tierney and Mrs. Pace.

Mr. C. W. and Mrs. Cross returned the first of the week from a trip to Victoria and Seattle.

Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie left early in the week for the east, to spend two or three months prior to settling in her new house on Edward street which is now under way.

Miss Kate Lowes of Calgary came up to the Capital on Friday to visit Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, and was one of a party on Saturday who motored out to Cooking Lake to spend the week-end with Mrs. Joseph Morris, and

Cornwall and Mr. Frank Sommerville being also of the number.

Mr. Frank Sommerville is expecting Mrs. Sommerville home about the 8th or 9th of this month, when they will occupy their own cosy home on Hardisty avenue.

Miss Nicola, who is in Mr. J. E. Wallbridge's law office, and Miss McLeod, in the law office of Boyle and Parlee, left on Sunday for a month's holiday in Alaska.

Mr. Hector Landry has bought Mr. Bob Robertson's pretty residence on Sixth street and is taking immediate possession, while Mr. Robertson and his family are moving out to the far west end.

The Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club are putting on "Mrs. Goring's Necktie" towards the end of August, the proposed cast being:

Captain Mowbray Mr. A. E. Nash
Colonel Jardine Mr. H. L. Seymour
Lieut. David Cairn Mr. Robinson
Mr. Jernigan Mr. Farquharson
Isabel Kinkaid Miss Dickey
Vicky Jardine Miss Potter
Miss Potts Miss Rose
Mrs. Goring Mrs. Balmer Watt

Mrs. Carey, of Kingston, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Shibley, left on Tuesday for Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marion returned from a visit to the coast on Friday last.

Mrs. Mercer has returned from a seven weeks' visit to the coast.

Mrs. Tierney and Mrs. J. K. Cornwall are going down to Banff next week for a holiday.

Mrs. N. D. Beck and Miss Marjorie Beck left on Wednesday to spend a holiday at the C. P. R. Hotel in Banff.

Mrs. McMahon has her sister, Mrs. Hutchinson, and her baby visiting her from Rosthern, Sask., who will spend two or three weeks at the Capital.

Mrs. Pace went out to Cooking Lake to spend the week-end with Mrs. Herring Cooper.

BOTHA'S POSITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

One of the most interesting developments in connection with present day world politics is taking place in South Africa, with General Botha, ten years ago the chief leader in forces at war with Great Britain, as the central figure.

Provision has recently been made for the creation of a legislative union for all British South Africa—Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal and Natal—and Botha has been chosen as head of the first government for the united commonwealth.

In a speech delivered at Pretoria last month Botha not only set forth the policy of the government of which he is head, but announced the formation of a new party—the South African National Party—to support the government. The speech was delivered in Dutch, and was translated into English as the speaker proceeded.

Botha declared that his race lines were to disappear, that the new party was to appeal to whites of all races; it was to be a party with broad and liberal principles. Such a party that the people of South Africa who live made the country their home, no matter to what nationality they may belong, may frankly give their adherence to the principles. At the same time this party was to provide for placing the native question above

party politics, and the fair and sympathetic treatment of the colored races in a broad and liberal spirit. It was, moreover, to provide for the prevention of Asiatic immigration into South Africa.

Speaking particularly with reference to the relations between Boer and Briton, the premier said: "We have in South Africa two races which up to now have had great difficulty in living together peacefully. If we look back into the history of the two races in South Africa we see how unnecessary that strife has been and how miserable their lives together has been in this country. On both sides we have done our utmost to make life impossible to the other side; we have used the most terrible weapons that can be used by civilized nations to drive each other out of the country, but God has willed that we should not exterminate and drive each other from the country, and He has willed again that we shall all sit here together to-night, English and Dutch. I hope that the union of South Africa will be cemented by the blood of both races who have fallen, and those whom we loved as much as we loved the earth of our country. Out of all the misery and suffering we have today repented a United South Africa. We must be prepared to acknowledge and appreciate each other's history, traditions and language; and when we do that there is hope for us to become a great nation in South Africa. It is not difficult to respect the traditions of these two white races. Both are proud of those traditions, and the traditions of both must be kept high. Thus my policy will be one of conciliation, co-operation and toleration. I cannot refrain from warning you most seriously against any party or person who may wish to make an election cry of racialism, or who would dare to call from the valley of death the skeleton of our unhappy past. Such a one cannot be considered a friend, but as an enemy of South Africa, and even a greater enemy of the British Empire."

Speaking of the policy of his government, the Premier said: "We shall endeavour to organize on a sound footing our defence forces. As regards this, we have seen in the past that we have possessed the very best material—English as well as Dutch—in South Africa; and who is there to say who would not desire to see a very strong force, containing representatives of both races? My ambition is still to see such a force which possesses its officers, English and Dutch beside each other. This meant the strengthening of the bonds between us and the Motherland. In other words, the policy will be to work in harmony with the British Empire. The object is further to develop a great 'nationality' in South Africa, which can take up an honorable place in the row of the sister States in the Empire."

"We shall also endeavour to foster stable conditions in connection with the mining industries of South Africa."

So as to encourage the investment of additional capital therein, and vigorous development of the mineral resources of the country, while the promotion of agricultural expansion and land settlement by means of improved methods of production, the diffusion of agricultural knowledge, and the opening up of foreign markets for South African products will receive equal attention.

Fully 2000 people were present and the speaker received an ovation.

Nearly a month later, speaking in English at Johannesburg, the Premier received an equally flattering reception. "It was a triumph of personality and met with a reception at the same time enthusiastic and sincere."

Dr. Jameson of Johannesburg, who is leader of the Opposition, which is known as the Unionist Party. In his speech at Pretoria Gen. Botha spoke of Dr. Jameson in the most kindly manner.

AWAKENING OF SCIENCE

TO THE VALUE OF FRUIT

What is "FRUIT-A-LIVES"?

Medical men are just beginning to realize the possibilities of fruit in curing disease. Its action on the liver, kidneys and skin is wonderful. Yet fruit in its raw state is impracticable in treating disease because of the minute quantity of the active or curative principle contained in fruit juice.

A physician in Ottawa, after years of patient work, discovered a process whereby the medicinal or bitter principle of fruit juice is increased in quantity and thus a more active and more valuable substance is obtained.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit. Hundreds of prominent people in every section of the Dominion owe their good health to "Fruit-a-lives." Hundreds more are daily becoming stronger and better by taking them.

"Fruit-a-lives" is a daily proving its unequaled value as a natural cure in all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Backache and Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Troubles.

See a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

so as to encourage the investment of additional capital therein, and vigorous development of the mineral resources of the country, while the promotion of agricultural expansion and land settlement by means of improved methods of production, the diffusion of agricultural knowledge, and the opening up of foreign markets for South African products will receive equal attention.

Fully 2000 people were present and the speaker received an ovation.

Nearly a month later, speaking in English at Johannesburg, the Premier received an equally flattering reception. "It was a triumph of personality and met with a reception at the same time enthusiastic and sincere."

Dr. Jameson of Johannesburg, who is leader of the Opposition, which is known as the Unionist Party. In his speech at Pretoria Gen. Botha spoke of Dr. Jameson in the most kindly manner.

A CHANGE ON THE RANGE

Sure one big change has hit this range

Since the summer of sixty-nine,
When I blew west in hopeful quest

Of a fatality in single-deck;
Which I regret, the same as yet
Has eluded my effort line.

I weren't so hand at washing sand
Nor at swinging a single-deck;

The mining game was much too tame,
For a lad like your Uncle Mack—
I pulled my freight at a rapid gait
And burned up the homeward track.

But I digress, which I confess
Is a failing I sometimes own;

I'll start again for to explain
Of how modern the range has grown.

Since I punched steers for Wild Bill Speers
And his buddy, Old Ole Malone.

We thought it right to pick a fight,
And our enemy to punctuate
With slugs of lead till he fell dead,
But that action is a little slow—
It's the fashion to arbitrate.

In them old days we couldn't raise
Nor at swinging a single-deck;
On a section of sage brush land
No crop but cows, which same would browse

On the cactus which thrived in the sand,
The grub we had, I'll simply add,
Was the kind that's mostly canned:

Now see the crops from spuds to hops
That are raised in this arid state;
There ain't no rain, but pipe the grain,
Since we learned to irrigate:

The record made with ditch and spade
Is a marvel to contemplate.

In frontier days we sung the praise
Of the skate with the ten-mile gait;
But he's passy—the motor shay
Sent the bronco to a little state—
And now I hear, about next year,
All ranchers will aviate.

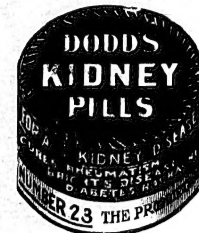
We hesitate to punctuate
With a six-gun the foe we hate;
We arbitrate and irrigate
Soon we punchers will aviate.

Sure one big change has hit this range
Since I served my novitiate.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A GREAT RECIPE

A Kansas newspaper man—a true friend of Kansas young ladies—has discovered how his and other young ladies may keep their hands soft and white. Here is his recipe: "Soak your hands three times a day in hot water while your mother rests." Now isn't that just like a man? The brute!

—Kingston Standard.



PALMER, WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S KING'S PLATE

8
PHYSICIANS, DENTISTS, CLERGYMEN, etc., who wish to increase their income, wanted as local representatives; write at once for particulars. This is one of the best propositions, over 10,000 farms sold since 1900. Address the authorized representative for this territory. Frank Voigt, 104 4th St. W., Calgary. Aug 5-19

SASKATOON FAIR
AUGUST 9th to 12th, 1910

ONE-WAY FARE
FOR THE ROUND TRIP, VIA THE

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

From stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta

TICKETS ON SALE
August 8th to 11th. Return limit August 15th, 1910

Full information from
W. C. DODD, S. C. N. Railway
City Park and Tkt. Agent, C. N. Railway
115 Jasper Ave. East Phone 1712
Edmonton, Alta.

REGINA EXHIBITION
AUGUST 2nd to 5th, 1910

ONE WAY FARE
FOR THE ROUND TRIP, VIA THE

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

From stations in Saskatchewan and Brandon to Baiter and Hartney to Virden in Manitoba.

TICKETS ON SALE
August 1st to 4th, except from stations DAVIS AND EAST in Saskatchewan.
Selling Dates, July 2nd to August 7, 1910.
Return Limit, August 15th, 1910.

Full information from
W. C. DODD, S. C. N. Railway
City Park and Tkt. Agent, C. N. Railway
115 Jasper Ave. East, Phone 1712
Edmonton, Alta.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SHORT LIMIT EXCURSIONS

Eastern Canada and New England States

via CHICAGO AND GRAND TRUNK or PORT ARTHUR AND NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

Stop-Over Privileges
Free Side Trips

Agency for Cook's Tours, Write, phone or call for full particulars,
A. E. DUFEY,
General Agent Passenger Department,
200 Postage Ave., W., Winnipeg, Man.

Saskatoon Fair
August 9th to 12th, 1910

SINGLE FARE
for the
Round Trip
via the
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

Tickets on sale August 8th to 11th, 1910
Return Limit August 15th, 1910

Lv. Edmonton - 9:30 a.m.
Ar. Saskatoon - 10:05 p.m.

THE DAYLIGHT ROUTE

Full information on application to
J. F. PHILP, City Passenger Agent
103 Jasper East PHONE 4087

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY PICNIC

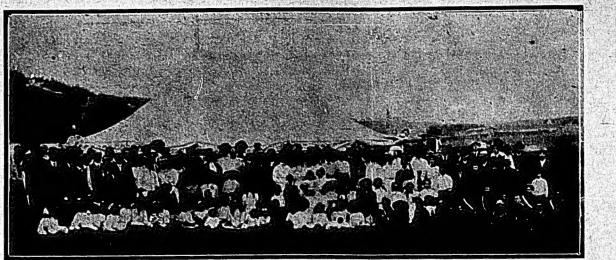


Photo by F. Rogers.

A group taken at the very successful outing held last Saturday afternoon on the Groat Flats, Edmonton.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from first page.)

ernments was effected have been repeatedly exposed and shown to be closely connected with the bus system, devised primarily for the purpose of securing public dominance. For the same influences that destroyed the honor in civic administrations were as freely exercised to debauch members of the federal and state legislatures. Looting the people was a profitable game for years in the United States. It is not so profitable today, and will before long become to dangerous to be further pursued.

The substantial progress that has been made of late years has been due, as the Post observes, partly to the advance of public opinion, but to a much greater degree has been made possible by the crystallization of public opinion in the shape of an improved organization of municipal government. The reference here is to the commission system, where the central idea is the concentration of power and responsibility in the hands of "a few persons charged with definite administrative duties and clothed with remarkably short space of time and without any increase of taxation. The system itself is nothing more than the application of the first essentials of general business success to the particular business involved in commercial life. It does not deprive the citizens of their right to govern themselves—rather does it enable them to do this with the maximum of efficiency and brings home to them their own direct, individual responsibility for the character of their civic government.

THE DISCOVERY OF MEDICINE HAT'S GAS

The discovery of natural gas in Medicine Hat is an interesting story, says W. Lacey Amy in the August Wide World Magazine. As far back as 1883 the Canadian Pacific Railway, while boring for water at Carlsbad, a point about forty miles west of the city, came across the first gas, but no practical use was made of the small supply met with, other than to light and heat the section house in the vicinity. In 1891 Sir William Van Horne then president of the railway, lent to the city of Medicine Hat a drilling outfit for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was coal winning reach. When the drill had reached 660 feet gas was struck, but the moisture in it necessitated more trouble in the matter of interception tanks than was profitable. In 1905, however, the city determined to dig deeper in the hope of securing a larger drier flow.

A bylaw was passed to raise the necessary money. Medicine Hat was then only a town of a couple of thousand people, and the expenditure was a terrible drain upon its finances. As the well sank deeper and deeper the fund grew smaller and smaller. The citizens and members of the council gathered by the little pipe day by day and watched, with eagerness and foreboding the drill drop—drop—drop with the pipe. But nothing came except a few little puffs of gas that promised nothing. Lower the drill sank, fewer grew the dollars. Finally the money was all gone and the town was face to face with bankruptcy or a serious tax rate. The councillors went home sadly, amid the mutterings of the people.

That night a special session of the city officials was convened. The treasurer held up an empty purse, and they knew well that not another cent could be drawn from the people. Into the earth had been sunk thousands

of dollars that would return nothing and the citizens threw the blame for the non-success of the venture on the officials. The well-digger begged for a few more feet. The mayor considered. Then with the inspiration of a prophet, he turned his back on the egal technicalities and ordered the well-boring to proceed. Already it was down a thousand feet; it was a terrible job to spend more money; and illegal to boot, but he took the risk. Next morning the miracle happened. To this day they tell of it. At 9 o'clock the citizens were electrified at the sight of the mayor, coatless and hatless, rushing from his harness strep up the centre of the road, vainly striving to overtake a workman it better training a hundred yards ahead. The citizens, scenting something unusual, joined in the chase. At the well everything was going up in the air. At just 1,070 feet a terrific flow of dry gas had been struck—a blow that registered when they got it under control 100 pounds pressure in eight seconds, 150 pounds in forty seconds, 250 pounds in one minute, and twelve seconds. Their eyes began to bulge as the register ran up 300, 400, 500, and finally stopped at 600 pounds to the square inch. The mayor is living yet; but he smiles when you ask him what would have been his chances of escape from the infuriated citizens, with one train a day out of Medicine Hat, if the gas had not come. That is merely one of the chances they take in the Canadian West.

Little is selling a number of new books today, slightly soiled. Sold regularly at \$1.25 to \$1.50, for 40c, Saturday.

THE NATIVE BORN

I have courted damels Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, Danish, I have faced in warmer climates All the wiles of eye and fan; I have seen the dainty geisha Do her stunts in distant Asia, And the girl with jewelled anklets Twirl in Duple Hindustan. I have flirted with Castilian, German, Greek and dark Brazilian, I have played the game of Cupid Clear from Simla up to Nome— But, for witcheries seductive, Cooing, fletching, deft, instructive, There is nothing the picture With the little girl at home.

I have wooed in Rome and Paris Spritres those manners would embarrass:

I have "jollied" haughty Russians, Poles and humble-born gisettes; I have learned to speak Le Gallienne In melodious Italian, And to relish gales of garlic And Egyptian cigarettes: I have courted madams dramatic, Tragic, comic, acrobatic; I have followed circus-riders Clear from London town to Rome, But for graces their enapture, Dazzle, captivate and capture, There is nothing on the skyline Fit to match the girl at home.

Be her station e'er so lowly, There's an incense sweet and holy, In the spell her memory summons From the dim and distant past; There's a fragrance as of clover In the dreams that round her hover, And a nameless something whispering That the bonds will always last; Other eyes may see discreetly, Scarlet lips cajole so sweetly That the senses swoon and falter And the fancies idly roam; But when all is said and noted, There's a loving so devoted As the subtle spell that calls one To the little girl at home! —Life.

Man lives in the present, woman either in the past or future. Put this to the test by feeling injured and beginning to sob, when a man will say, "Now, now," and a woman, "There, there."

If affection were the same as originality genius would be commonplace

New books, slightly soiled, for 40c at Little's, Saturday.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Mrs. MacLean and Mrs. Wentworth Irving and her small son are staying at the C.P.R. hotel in Banff.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson and her daughter are en pension at the Hotel Royal in Banff. Mrs. Wilson is expected in town about the middle of this month to spend a fortnight with Mrs. Brainthwaite.

Mont. and Madame Thibaudau are enjoying a week's holiday at Gull Lake.

Speaking of which resort reminds me that the campers had a very grand regatta there at last week-end. Mr. Richard Scoble being master of ceremonies, promoter, prize-presenter, etc., while Mrs. Nightingale was secretary and holder of several other equally honorable offices. The prizes aforementioned consisted of bags of peanuts, apples and such toothsome delicacies, Madame Thibaudau doling out the rewards, which some of the lucky ones had temerity enough to demand changed, apples for peanuts and the same order reversed. However, it was a very successful party—regatta—I mean, so much so that I hear that other like festivities are under contemplation.

The ladies of Christ Church are giving another garden party this year on Mr. Groat's lawn on Thursday, August 11th, in aid of the church, when, I understand, supper and light refreshments, a concert, and the band will add to the enjoyment of the occasion. The party will last from four until ten, and if the tremendous success it enjoyed last year is any criterion, there will be a bumper attendance, and many shakels for the good of the cause. Tickets for adults are placed at the remarkable charge of twenty-five cents, children fifteen.

Mrs. Dr. Mulvey and family returned from Gull Lake on Saturday and has moved into her new home at 436 Twelfth street.

Mrs. Frank Oliver, wife of the minister of the interior, with a party of friends, intends motoring through England and Scotland before returning to Canada towards the end of the month by the Empress of Britain—Winnipeg Free Press.

THE CHAMPIONS

He was reading the paper opposite me, a little pale, serious-looking man. He laid it down with a sigh. "John-son's a wonder," he said. "The champion of the world. Fancy that!"

"It is a lovely thing to be a champion," I quoted.

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Why? I don't think so."

"Then perhaps you haven't experienced it?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied gravely. "I know all about it. I'm a champion too."

"You?" I said, rather rudely, I fear.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm the champion of Grouch End. Guess what I'm champion of."

"This is a delicate ground. I am too old to guess. But he plied me so that at last I gave way and suggested what I thought was fairly safe — billiards. There have been lots of little weaklings who could play a good game of billiards."

"Yes," he said, "in a way."

"Not the game or per?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he said. "But billiards, yes." He was quite grave.

"Poo!" I suggested.

"Not exactly."

"Fives?"

"No."

"Then what is it? Tell me."

He stood up, for he had reached his station. "I hold the record," he said, "for losing hazards at pyramids. Good morning." And he was gone.

It is not often I get my leg pulled like that by a stranger—Punch.

Edmonton's Leading Motion Picture Theatre

STARLAND

Friday Aug. 5th
Saturday Aug. 6th

Henley July 7th
WON BY OUR BOYS
Edmonton Aug. 5th

Henley Regatta

Our country's greatest sporting achievement in the final heat of this historical boat race

C. S. Riley, F. F. Carruthers, C. E. Allan, G. B. Aldous

Fire Insurance

ROBERT MAYS

Room 5 Crystall Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.
Phone 1263
EDMONTON

VACUUM CLEANER



Vacuum Cleaner Co.

have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. Kenneth, Agent.
TENT & MATTRESS CO.
819, SECOND STREET

40c New Books

Selling from \$1.25 to \$1.50, slightly soiled, will be sold Saturday for 40c. These books are taken from our library and are as good as new.

This is an opportunity to add to your library several of the latest books by the very best authors.

Little's 40c

FIVE TIMES

This ad. was written July 30th. During the past three weeks the demand for Grand Trunk stenographers has been just five times the available supply. Suggestive, isn't it? Summer session is now on. Fall term will soon be here. You should take our course in Shorthand right away. This is the school that teaches Gregg Shorthand. Gregg Shorthand is the fastest in all the world.

GRAND TRUNK BUSINESS COLLEGE

EDMONTON

J. C. McTavish, Principal